

THE BRISTOL COURIER

BRISTOL, PA., MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1934

DAILY WEATHER REPORT
Cloudy followed by rain beginning late tonight or Tuesday; slowly rising temperature Tuesday.

Price: 2c a Copy; 6c a Week

NRA TEST CASE TO GET UNDER WAY AT HARRISBURG TODAY

To Determine Showdown On Part of the Small Business Man

NEVER SIGNED CODE

Accused of Underpaying His 10 or 12 Employees 15c per Hour

By G. Everett Doying
I. N. S. Staff Correspondent

HARRISBURG, Dec. 3.—(INS)—The case of the United States versus Fred C. Perkins, in which a self-styled typically small businessman is determined to force a showdown on whether he can be jailed for not complying with an NRA code he never signed, is scheduled to get underway in Federal Court here late today or tomorrow.

Specifically, Perkins is accused of paying his ten or a dozen workmen an average of 25 cents an hour instead of the 40-cent minimum prescribed in the wet battery code to which the York, Pa., back-yard battery manufacturer was not a signatory. The maximum penalty upon conviction is six months in jail and \$500 fine for each violation.

The case is regarded as a test suit, primarily of the constitutionality of the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act which provides that codes must be complied with whether signed and agreed to by individual concerns or not.

Perkins, 225-pound, six foot former Cornell University football star, already has evidenced a willingness to go to jail in his battle against the code provisions, which he declares were drafted by the nation's large battery concerns to squeeze out their independent rivals. Last June, Perkins ran his business from a prison cell for 18 days until \$5,000 bail was raised to free him after his arrest on a bench warrant.

The Perkins battery business is about four years old. It has grown in that time from a humble beginning in a backyard shed until now it requires half a dozen barn-like wooden buildings which have mushroomed up around the first structure.

Even during depression years, the business doubled every year as the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers around York became better acquainted with the product Perkins was producing. In 1933, profits as shown by Perkins' books and income tax report totaled \$2,531, much of which was put back into the business.

Income this year is running double 1933, according to Perkins.

When President Roosevelt announced the Blanket Code for business and industry in June, 1933, Perkins refused to subscribe to the blue eagle because he felt he could not meet its provisions, although he did boost the wages of his men five cents an hour. Subsequently, the wet battery code was signed, which Perkins also refused to meet.

Judge Albert L. Watson, of Scranton, will preside over the trial with a jury sitting in the small Federal court room in the Post Office here.

RUNS INTO AUTO

Running into the rear of an automobile yesterday, Anthony Constantini, Grant avenue, sustained several bruises. He was taken to Harriman Hospital for examination.

CARDS ON WEDNESDAY

The card party and food sale arranged for Thursday at the home of Mrs. Thomas G. Hawkes, Edgely, has been advanced to Wednesday, December 5th. Playing will start at 2:30 o'clock.

TODAY'S YESTERDAYS
December 2

By International News Service

1804—Napoleon was crowned emperor of France.

1816—First savings bank in U. S. opened at Philadelphia.

1823—The Monroe Doctrine was enunciated in Presidential message to Congress.

1852—Napoleon III. proclaimed emperor of the French.

1859—John Brown was hanged in Virginia—but not to a sour apple tree.

1922—Hsuan Tung, Pui Yi, deposed emperor of China, married at Peiping. (Now emperor of Manchukuo.)

December 3

1795—Sir Rowland Hill, originator of penny-post, was born.

1881—Electric street lighting was begun in Philadelphia.

1910—Mary Baker Eddy, author of Science and Health, died.

1915—The U. S. requested the German government to recall Capt. Boy-Ed and Von Papen, military and naval attaches at Washington, for improper activities.

1918—A. E. F. occupied Coblenz, Germany.

LATEST NEWS

Received by International News Service Leased Wires.

WILEY POST GOES UP

Phillips Airport, Bartlesville, Okla., Dec. 3.—The globe-circling airplane, Winnie Mae, with its famous round-the-world pilot, Wiley Post, at the controls, roared down the runways here at 8:09 a. m. and off into space in an attempt to ascend 50,000 feet into the stratosphere. A crowd of less than 300 persons braved the clear cold day to witness the take-off, which hurtled Post into aviation's Hall of Fame when he skimmed the craft around the world in record time of 7 days, 18 hours and 56 minutes. The flight into the upper regions, which has been delayed by bad weather, is an official attempt to break the record of 47,352 feet by Lt. Renato Donati, of Italy.

SENTENCE EDWARDS TO DIE

Wilkes-Barre, Dec. 3.—Robert Allen Edwards, 21 year old mine surveyor, today was formally sentenced to die in the electric chair for the "American tragedy" slaying of Freda McKechnie, 26, his neighborhood sweetheart.

TO PUNISH PLOTTERS

Moscow, Russia, Dec. 3.—Sweeping measures for the immediate trial and punishment of all persons accused of plotting or carrying out acts of terrorism, have been ordered by the Central Executive Committee as a result of the assassination of Sergei M. Kirov, one of Joseph Stalin's chief aides, it was announced today.

Eighth Birthday Marked By Very Pleasing Party

A party was given in honor of the eighth birthday of Marie Mauro, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mauro, yesterday, at their residence, 313 Penn street. Refreshments were served and the guests enjoyed songs, games, and dances.

Those attending: Marie Bomentri, Angeline and Millie Mauro, Cecilia and Angelina O'Orsey, Rose Messanelli, Jennie Di Blassio, Theresa Spazzano, Annetta Sagolla, Rose Monica, Frances and Anna D'Orsay, Carlo Di Emidio, Rose and Ramon Rovella, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Mauro, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Rovella, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D'Orsay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mauro, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Bomentri.

NON-SECTARIAN YOUNG PEOPLE'S GROUP FORMED

Organization Banquet Served At St. Andrew's Parish House, Yardley

DANCING IS ENJOYED

YARDLEY, Dec. 3.—Under auspices of St. Andrew's P. E. Church, a non-sectarian Young People's Organization was formed at a banquet and dance Friday night, in St. Andrew's parish house.

Frank Chesnut, Marion Smith and James Satterthwaite, as tellers, reported that the following had been elected officers of the club: President, Karl Rembe; first vice-president, Jack Rembe; second vice-president, Miss Helen Kauffman; secretary, Miss Lillian Groner; treasurer, Raymond Hampton; executive committee: Robert C. Belleville, 3rd, Mrs. Clifford C. Nelson, Joseph J. McKenna, Alan J. Quinn, and Mrs. Robert C. Belleville, 3rd.

Following the business session an evening of dancing was enjoyed. Those present: the Rev. and Mrs. Francis B. Barnett, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. James Foley, Mrs. Ruth Fetter, Thomas Connors, Helen W. Leedom, Mildred Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Alan J. Quinn, Jesse H. Harper, Karl Rembe, Ruthalder Kelsey, Mary VanSickel, John Smith, William Whitehead, Marion Rembe, Chester Gills, Marie Humbrecht, Edward Garlits, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Belleville, 3rd, Mrs. Clifford C. Nelson, James Roland, Lillian Groner, Jack Rembe, Eleanor Watson, Victor J. Humbrecht, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Yardley, Alice Marie Ross, Ida Blaker.

Gladys A. Harper, Helen Wright, Arthur Blaker, Mazie Jemison, Colin Kauffman, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Blaker, Francis B. Barnett, Jr., Helen Kauffman, George Brown, Kathleen Kauffman, Earl Gray, Gertrude Slack, Martin Heffern, James E. Groome, Jr., Blanche Hackett, Marion Smith, Joseph Harvey, Raymond Yantz, Walter Pelton, Dorothy Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chesnut, James Satterthwaite, Watson Cadwallader, James Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William Eames.

Indicted in Morro Castle Fire



Capt. William F. Warms
Federal jury will try Acting Captain Warms and Chief Engineer Abbott of ill-fated Morro Castle on charges of "neglect of duty resulting in loss of life." If found guilty, they may be jailed ten years and fined \$10,000.

BRITAIN SHOCKED INTO AIR PREPAREDNESS

Other Nations Also Spurred By Race Results to Modernize Aviation

U. S. SPEED THE CAUSE

By Wallace S. Hullett
(I. N. S. Staff Correspondent)

LONDON, Dec. 3.—(INS)—It was just a publicity stunt conceived by an Australian without any thought of proving anything. Yet it has startled air ministries the world over into the greatest activity since the World War.

None of the trans-Atlantic flights dramatized the military potentialities of the airplane to the extent of the England-Australia air marathon, in which the speed record set by the Scotch fliers, Scott and Black, and the demonstration of efficiency given by the American stock planes which finished second and third shocked Britain into a realization of its backwardness in air preparedness. Air officers whose recommendations have been ignored for several years now are getting attention.

Spurred by the air force building fever that seems to have gripped the major powers since the London-Melbourne flights, the British Air Ministry is at work strengthening the air arm. The Royal Air Force will be brought up to 1,300 first-line planes, backed with 1,000 auxiliary craft, it is disclosed.

Two new airdromes are being constructed—at Feltwell and at Marham, Norfolk.

Negotiations are being made for the purchase of sites for at least five other airdromes, which will be developed during the next two years, while possible positions for another 12 or 14 airdromes are being surveyed.

The full program, which is to meet the projected increase in the R. A. F. by 31 squadrons, will be spread over five years. The cost of the full 20 new airdromes alone probably will amount to \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000.

Special attention is being paid to the protection of aircraft carriers in the Channel.

Negotiations are well advanced for the purchase for the Fleet Air Arm of Thorney Island in Chichester Harbor. This site, consisting of over two square miles of land, has been chosen for its strategic value. Not only will it enable machines to work with the aircraft carriers in the Channel, and with the seaplane base at Calshot, but it dominates the naval base of Portsmouth.

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Barn, Crops and Machinery Destroyed; Loss, \$2500

A large barn of James Carney, Bedminster Township, was destroyed late yesterday afternoon by fire of undetermined origin. The loss is placed at \$2500.

The blaze was discovered by Carney who looked from the window of his house and saw the structure a mass of flame. Bucks County Fire Marshal is probing the blaze.

Crops consisting of 300 bales of straw and other feed along with the farming machinery were consumed. Two horses were rescued.

Perkasie fire company responded and the barn was still burning at 10 o'clock last night.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

John J. Owens, 22, of 415 Snyder avenue, Phila., and Elizabeth V. Karatien, 21, of 148 Snyder avenue, Phila.
Casper Wikterski, 21, of 5139 Miller street, Philadelphia, and Amelia E. Zairyle, 21, of 5001 Melrose street, Philadelphia.

TIDES AT BRISTOL

High water 12.11 p. m.
Low water 7.00 a. m., 7.39 p. m.

HONOR ROLL STUDENTS ARE NAMED AT EDGELY

Several in All Grades Are Included in Those Having High Averages

OTHER NEWS NOTES

EDGELY, Dec. 3.—The students of Edgely school, who have attained an average of 90 or over for the past six weeks' period, and whose names are on the honor roll, are:

Grades one and two, Miss Myrtle Foster, teacher: Mary Ann Morgan, Jack Barrett, Walter Rittler, Sidney Raub, Lois Carter, Jean MacArthur. Miss Margaret Taylor, 3rd and 4th grades: Elizabeth King, Jean O'Dea, Katherine Hemminger, Lawrence Stewart, Alma Wright, Dorothy Edelman. Miss Velda Thompson, fifth grade: Julia Palowes, Helen Petty, Jeanette Leinheiser, Matilda Brown.

Miss Miriam Evans, sixth grade: Betty Wilson, June Allman, Lydia Wright, Harold Carter, Agnes Brummett, Dawn Faber, Leah Hillborn, Virginia Monney.

Miss Edna Pennypacker, seventh grade: Emma La Rue, Bernardine Coyle, Wayne Locke, Marion Mills.

Walter Miller, eighth grade: Genevieve Banner, Doris Kerr, Irma Dunbar.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lefferts, Sr., entertained at Thanksgiving dinner, Mr. and Mrs. George Lefferts and family, Miss Lillian Laird, Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Reed, Lansdowne.

Mr. and Mrs. John Conyers enjoyed Monday and Tuesday on a motor trip to Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Earll, Bristol, spent from Wednesday until Friday at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gould.

The Misses Margaret Taylor, Miriam Evans and Velda Thompson are spending the Thanksgiving holidays at their homes in Harrisburg and York.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lynn had as guests on Thanksgiving Day, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Weaver, Pitman, N. J.

Dietrich Gives Her Best In "The Scarlet Empress"

Opening today at the Grand Theatre, Mariene Dietrich's portrayal of the "noble and notorious" Catherine of Russia in "The Scarlet Empress," Josef von Sternberg's most recent Paramount production, gains instant recognition as the most colorful role of her career.

Miss Dietrich enacts her role impressively throughout, from the time she enters Russia as an obscure German princess betrothed to the mad Grand Duke Peter, up to her occupancy of the throne during the most turbulent period of Russia's early history.

John Lodge, as the courtly Count Alexei, by his performance gains a particular niche for himself among the screen's ablest leading men. Sam Jaffe, similarly, in playing the idiotic Grand Duke Peter, gives full expression to the rare talent which first was recognized in his appearance as Kringlein in "Grand Hotel" on Broadway. Louise Dresser portrays the haughty Empress Elizabeth most capably.

The Cadets made a wonderful sight in their orange jackets and white hannel pants as they proudly marched like little soldiers with their heads tucked high and little "Jimmy" Bolton goose-stepping his way up and down the rain-soaked turf. First the Cadets faced one side of the rooting section and, led by their leaders, Harry Burbank and Charles Brodie, gave a drill and afterwards counter-marched to the east side where those fans were also treated to a new drill. The drills exhibited to the spectators were those which carried the local youths to the State championship at Erie. The plaudits given to the Cadets were well deserved and proved that they were worthy of the honors they received.

But back to the game again. The showing made by the Cast-offs in the first half was rather listless when the Purple and Gold of today pushed over two six-pointers in the second period. Maybe it was the rhythm shown by the Cadets or maybe it was the talk-



18 Shopping Days To Christmas

Grand Jury Presents Report To The County Court

DOYLESTOWN, Dec. 3.—In their final presentation to President Judge Hiram H. Keller the Grand Jury for the November term of criminal court of Bucks county Friday reported that 35 bills of indictment had been laid before them, of which they returned 32 true bills and ignored three.

The Grand Jury approved the repair, reconstruction and extension of county bridge No. 110 over Neshaminy Creek between Middletown and Lower Southampton townships, and approved the proposed county bridge over Ridge Valley Creek on road No. 334, in West Rockhill township.

With B. Frank Hobensack, Ivyland miller, as foreman, the Grand Jury visited the Bucks County Home and found conditions satisfactory, according to the report, but recommended that the buildings of the Home be painted outside and that repairs be made to a gutter on the roof of the main building.

Fire drills to be held periodically, and also the marking of exits with suitable signs and lights at the County Home were recommended by the jury. They also recommended that fire hose at the Home be inspected and tested.

They also recommended that better provisions be made at an early date for inmates to get from the top floors to the ground floor, other than the stairs and fire escapes.

The Grand Jury reported a visit to the County Jail, the Bucks County Administration Building and Court House row offices where they found everything O. K. They recommended that the front steps and all damaged sidewalks be repaired.

Gets 6-Prong Buck Near Own Home On First Day

RIEGELSVILLE, Dec. 3.—Howard Swain, of this borough, and Carl Fisher, of Kintnersville, believe in covering the home territory first when it comes to deer hunting.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Saturday morning, the two hunters were standing by their automobile on a scarcely traveled road near the residence of Rev. Charles F. Althouse. They were about to step into the machine and drive away when they saw a 6-prong buck start across the highway a short distance ahead.

Swain reached for his gun, fired, and the 160-pound buck fell to the ground, probably the first deer to be shot in Bucks county on the opening day of the season.

Ninety-Fourth Birthday Observed By Yardleyite

YARDLEY, Dec. 3.—Mrs. Elizabeth Holland celebrated her 94th birthday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sigafos. Mrs. Holland is in splendid health and attended the Yardley Methodist Church hundredth anniversary service in October.

Mrs. Holland spent Saturday quietly at her home, receiving a number of remembrances from her many friends, and entertaining them by singing hymns.

CASTOFFS PROVE THEY CAN STILL PLAY BALL

Hold St. Ann's Eleven to 12-6 Score in Cadet Benefit Game

OLD GRADS SHOW STUFF

By T. M. Juno

Instilled with that never-say-die fighting spirit, the Bristol Cast-offs gave a creditable account of themselves yesterday afternoon as they were beaten by the St. Ann's A. A. gridsters on the local field. Not only did they hold the much-moaned St. Ann's team to two touchdowns but! behold! the Cast-offs scored themselves to make the final count read: St. Ann's, 12; Cast-offs, 6.

A large crowd was on hand and lined up both sides of the gridiron and witnessed the fight put up by the "old grads." The game was a benefit affair with the American Legion Cadets sharing in the proceeds of the game. Between halves, the Cadets helped the spectators forget the cold wind that whirled across the field by their colorful parading and drilling.

The Cadets made a wonderful sight in their orange jackets and white hannel pants as they proudly marched like little soldiers with their heads tucked high and little "Jimmy" Bolton goose-stepping his way up and down the rain-soaked turf. First the Cadets faced one side of the rooting section and, led by their leaders, Harry Burbank and Charles Brodie, gave a drill and afterwards counter-marched to the east side where those fans were also treated to a new drill. The drills exhibited to the spectators were those which carried the local youths to the State championship at Erie. The plaudits given to the Cadets were well deserved and proved that they were worthy of the honors they received.

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Wants to Stay Here



Carroll Wainwright, Jr.
This 8-year-old American born youngster got "fed up" with living in Bermuda with his mother Mrs. Hector MacNeal, the former Edith Kingdon Gould, and fled to New York and his grandmother. He merely walked aboard ship at Hamilton and announced his presence when the vessel was at sea.

WOMAN OF 84 YEARS IS HEROINE AT BIG FIRE

Leads Cattle to Safety, Then Proceeds to Extinguish Fire On Roof of Home

NO HELP AT HAND

HULMEVILLE, Dec. 3.—A story of unusual heroism—on the part of a rugged heroine of 84 years—has just reached the ears of Bucks County fire marshal, William L. Stackhouse.

The heroine is Mrs. Louisa Trout, of Tinicum Township, and the account of her bravery last week in leading many head of cattle to safety from a burning barn, and her subsequent carrying of pails of water to the second floor of her home and thence to the roof in order to extinguish a blaze there, is now the talk of the country-side.

Mrs. Trout lives far from any settlement, in the back-woods as it were, although even that is difficult for many residents of Bucks County to imagine. So wild and rugged is her home-section in Tinicum Township, that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has just purchased from her 1200 acres to be used as a game preserve.

On Tuesday of last week the barn on the Trout property caught fire in some unusual manner. The flames shot skyward, and no help was near. So far is the place from any town or fire company, that no attempt was made to summon aid of firemen. It was known from the beginning it would be useless—the roads are not of first-class, and the miles between are many.

On the property at the time were Mrs. Trout, and her niece, Mrs. Genther. When the flames were first noticed at the barn, the woman of 84 years hurried as fast as she could to the building, the safety of her cattle in mind. Hurriedly but fearlessly she led them, one by one, to a place of safety. By this time the flames had spread to other outbuildings. No hope of saving them! Better attend to the home, for the roof is on fire!

Mrs. Guenther, the younger woman, in order to secure some aid, rang the dinner-bell on the place—pulling with all her strength. Neighbors might hear it, and come! Now the bell rope was tangled! Then she practically collapsed.

But Mrs. Trout kept bravely at her super-human task, doing everything that was in her power to save her little farm home. Pails were filled with water, and with these she toiled upstairs. Out onto the roof she went, lugging the containers of water. One trip after another she made, eventually extinguishing the fire on the roof. The blaze at the barn raged on, but the cattle were safe! The other outbuildings were soon infernos too. "But the house is safe," she thought.

By this time aid had arrived from nearby farms, and the men and women were endeavoring to comfort Mrs. Guenther, and at the same time praising the hardihood and bravery of the aged aunt.

The barn and out-buildings were leveled, together with their contents of lumber, machinery and hay. Five buildings, in all, was the toll.

But when the story of the strong battle put up by the octogenarian reached the ears of firemen in towns a few miles distant, and finally those of fire marshal Stackhouse, here, they were unstinting in their praise.

Bristol Stamp Club To Meet Here This Evening

The Bristol Stamp Club will meet this evening in the Presbyterian Church, Radcliffe street, at eight o'clock. This meeting is for the senior club and all stamp collecting enthusiasts of Bristol and vicinity are urged to attend.

It is requested that members bring some of their collections with them to the meeting for discussion.

3 LWD PROJECTS NOW UNDER WAY IN THIS BOROUGH

Building Extension to Filtration System of The Waterworks

REBUILD BOAT WHARF

Portion of Beaver Street is Also Under Construction

Two LWD projects are underway here and a third is being completed.

An addition is being built to the filtration plant at the water works.

Beaver street from Mansion to the borough line is being rebuilt.

The biggest project of the three is the extension which is now under construction to the filtration plant of the water works.

The extension will measure 23 feet by 45 feet and be of brick and concrete with an asbestos roof.

When the extension is completed the 24-hour capacity of the plant will be increased one and a half million gallons.

Two three-quarter million gallon filter units will be installed which added to the present filter units will make the total capacity of the plant four and a half million gallons every 24 hours.

The increase in the filtration capacity is made necessary due to the 23 miles of new territory added recently to the distribution system of the water works. The pipe line was extended into Bristol Township and this territory includes two big industrial plants—Largan-Gray Company, hosiery manufacturers, Croydon, and the Paterson Parchment Paper Company, at Edgely.

The rebuilding of Beaver street and the rebuilding of the boat wharf are two improvements which were much needed. Work of these projects has been progressing and is nearing completion.

Yardley Grade Students Present Holiday Program

YARDLEY, Dec. 3.—The fifth and sixth grades of Yardley public school presented a Thanksgiving program in the assembly Wednesday afternoon.

A four-act play, "The Tragedy of Thanksgiving," was presented, with the following leading cast: Ralph Gentile, Virena Bennett, Consuelo Cadwallader, Frank Reso and Henry Johnson. These characters represented the various foods which are part of a Thanksgiving dinner, and protested against being eaten, and when the family entered in the fourth act they found that the dinner had vanished.

Mrs. Lewis A. Howell Dies After Illness of Several Weeks

MORRISVILLE, Dec. 3.—Mrs. Anna R. Howell, wife of Lewis A. Howell, businessman, of 412 North Pennsylvania avenue, died at her home Saturday night after an illness of several weeks. She was born in Wheatfield, Pa., the daughter of Joseph and Caroline Headley.

Two daughters and two sons survive her, in addition to her husband. They are Mrs. B. C. Tomlinson, of Germantown; Mrs. Melzer D. Warren, of Pennington; J. Headley Howell and D. Gilbert Howell, both of Morrisville. Funeral will be private from her late home tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial will be in Morrisville Cemetery. Friends may call this evening from 7 to 9.

Mrs. Howell was a member of Morrisville Presbyterian Church and of the Ladies Aid Society of the church.

Mrs. Jacob H. White Is Claimed By Death

Anna Eliza White, wife of the late Jacob H. White, was claimed by death yesterday.

The funeral, to which relatives and friends are invited, will be held on Wednesday at 2 p. m. from the residence of her brother, Robert Patterson, 634 Bath street.

Interment will be made in Bristol Cemetery under direction of George Molden, undertaker.

Friends may call Tuesday evening.

ADVERTISING DEADLINE EFFECTIVE DECEMBER 3

All advertising copy for insertion in the Courier must be at the Courier office not later than 12 o'clock noon two days previous to day on which the advertising is to appear.

This rule is made necessary in order to give the mechanical department ample time in which to set the ad and properly illustrate it. It is hoped that advertisers will co-operate and make reservations for space desired and furnish their copy on time.

No copy will be accepted after the expiration of the deadline announced above.

The Bristol Courier

Established 1910

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BRISTOL PRINTING COMPANY
Owner and Publisher
Incorporated May 27, 1914
Berrill D. Ratcliffe, Managing Editor
Ellis B. Ratcliffe, Secretary

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The Courier is delivered by carrier in Bristol, Edgely, Tullytown, Bridge-water, Croydon, Andalusia, West Bristol, Humesville, Bath Addition, New-ville and Torresdale Manor for six cents a week.

JOB PRINTING
The Courier has the most complete commercial printing department in Bucks County. Work of any description promptly and satisfactorily done.

Entered as Second Class Mail matter at the Post Office at Bristol, Pa.

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1934

GOING AFTER THE BUSINESS

More important in its bearing on the prospects of increased American trade with Russia than the again revived rumor that settlement of the debt controversy is near at hand are the facts cited by a Moscow correspondent indicating that representatives of American manufacturing industry are actively in the field there seeking orders. Motor and airplane manufacturers seem to have been especially successful and the device of the technical aid contract whereby soviet enterprise is licensed to use American patents and gets technical assistance while initiating production has been productive of a considerable volume of interim purchases by the soviet.

The greatest volume of American sales to Russia was in the years 1930 and 1931; in the first Russian purchases were in excess of \$111,000,000 and in the second more than \$103,000,000. Recognition of the soviet was far in the future at the time when this great amount of business was done and credits were given and conditions of sale arranged in direct negotiations between the exporters and the soviet purchasers.

It may be true that as Russia increases its own industrial plant its purchases of finished manufactures from other countries will diminish. But the soviet is still in the market for plenty of merchandise, as its appeal for United States government credits indicates. With characteristic enterprise American manufacturers are not waiting for the debt controversy to be settled or the Export-Import bank to begin functioning. Their way is more promising than that of depending for business on official set-ups and improbable government credits.

BUSINESS CO-OPERATES

The decision of American business, as represented in the United States Chamber of Commerce, to co-operate with the administration in plans for further recovery is good news.

Also it is good common sense. There probably is nothing more than that in this seemingly epochal decision of conservative business to join hands with a more or less radical party in power for the sake of the general welfare. Despite all the talk of a "turn to the right," we doubt that the administration has made any vital concessions in its own program to purchase the alliance of business. But we doubt also that business, in offering its aid, has yielded anything either.

There is nothing very epochal in that, except that the controls of our complex economic machine are so exceedingly sensitive that a mere change in attitude of mind may mean the difference between "confidence" and lack of confidence.

In view of the fact that one mistake alone cost his corporation \$10,000,000, Mr. Insull, we believe, was quite well paid at \$418,000 a year.

It wasn't necessary for Manchuria to go bankrupt to get into the hands of a receiver.

Almost invariably it takes two to make a quarrel. Only once in a great while does a man like Mr. Borah come along who can disagree among himself.

An Ohio cartoon shows a sliker on the wrong side of the line, but it may be a left-handed cow.

Echoes of The Past

By Louise White Watson

In Touch

"In touch with the world," welcomed the Hostess, seating her week after-Thanksgiving guests. "Do you know," she beamed, "I look forward to this annual meeting as does a child for Christmas. We can't meet on Thanksgiving Day, for that in itself is so filled with family gathering, church going—by many—and the making of the day something to which the younger generations may look forward to most eagerly, independent of the dinner that year after year beams invitingly to those gathered at table. But isn't it strange, after all these years, we have been taught to believe that the day set aside for giving thanks to God for his many, many mercies and blessings, and therefore so named Thanksgiving, had originated with the white man up there on those bleak coasts of New England. We now learn that hundreds of years before the white man bowed the knee and proclaimed a day as one set apart for getting into closer touch with the Giver of all good things, the Indians, the Iroquois, had ever observed a certain day of the year for just that purpose, thanking God for the skies, the sun, the moon, the stars, the thunder

clouds that brought the much needed rain in times when the demand was urgent, that their corn might not wither in the leaf. They too, bowed the knee, the head, recognizing a Force greater than man. Yes, they kept in touch, close touch on the day set apart by them for that purpose. But no matter who originated the thought," she finished, "it is one touched by beauty, a sacred duty, an uplifting song of praise."

Feasting

"I agree with you," returned the Fun Lover. "The day should never be considered as one of feasting, the feasting by the many, the hunger of others. That dinner in 1907, when James Gordon Bennett, when overseas, gave instructions to a noted chef to prepare a dinner for him and his American guests, that would surpass in every detail, any dinner ever given, was such that they had to call for discontinuance of any further serving. But that one dinner established for that chef a world-wide reputation."

But what greater good might have been accomplished, what greater happiness might have been achieved had that gentleman, instead of feasting

himself, accustomed to gastronomic treats, and therefore no novelty to them save in the number of varied dishes—had he played the Pied Piper leading a welcoming call to those who knew that such feasts could be possible outside of fairy-land. You know Youth responds to joy so jubilantly that every feature in his face, and every muscle in the undertired body leap to such a spontaneity of happiness that the giver would carry with him throughout the years to come, that picture. Does joy race through the sluggish blood with such exultant dashes that the corporeals waken to life and race with him to the goal that is the child's idea of a heaven on earth? You know and I know that it is the child's natural inheritance to have joy lead his way once or twice in a lifetime. Watch him as he runs to catch it and holds it for keeps. The soap bubble—that which no rainbow can outlive—is an emblem of beauty while it lasts. It is as graceful as it is fragile, yes. And what doesn't? But the globe of success gladdened for a time. No, Mothers, the old-fashioned soap-bubble with its little splashes here and there, gives to the boy or girl producing it more joy than that new substance meant for the same purpose. No splashes when making soap bubbles? Then one is out of touch with the excitement when the old clay pipe dips into the soapy suds. Did you ever stand by and hear one

about, "Now watch mine! Here goes!" And another clamors for attention, as he lightly waves his pipe to which the bubble is clinging and sends it gracefully forth into air. Keep in touch with the child and see if he doesn't bring beautiful colors into your life." And the Fun Lover looked off across the fields, seeing again, I know, the little boy whose old clay pipe was ever kept in evidence after he had left it, as were the treasures of Little Boy Blue. But she brightened, all the richer for that little off-look across the meadow. The logs had burned low and with a look for permission at the Hostess, she rose and lay another log, touching it into the snap and crackle that banished wandering thoughts.

The Joy Giver

"You had us quieted for a time," began the Joy Giver, giving a tender look to the Fun Lover, "but now I am going to tell you about that parade in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day. I took the children, of course—she meant her grandchildren—and they were wild with joy. It is claimed no greater parade of its kind, had ever

been seen in Philadelphia, and that is saying a good bit for that old city that delights in hunting up that which does her credit. The children seemed to be on springs, a wire of enthusiasm running all through them, keeping step with those many bands marching along with their stirring music, one zone, another coming—they sobered somewhat when those young girls in the uniform of the Red Cross nurse, swung by proclaiming in silence, the need of a helping hand in caring for others, but when the float came by with Uncle Wip and Santa Claus, well, if it weren't that all the other children had gone equally wild, I would, well, I really don't know what I would have done. In touch with Kris! Think of it! And when Uncle Wip and Kris climbed the ladder up into the window of the toy department, do you know, I found I was almost as jubilant as they were. Oh, Kris, be kind to the little ones this year. They love you so. Keep in touch with them!"

The Dreamer

"It has been long, so long since we gathered together," she began dream-

ily. "And we know, all of us know, there will ever be some one to keep in touch with Thanksgiving. When I heard over the radio Thanksgiving morning, that old hymn your mother and mine used to sing, back there in the years, 'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,' those words, 'Streams of mercy, never ceasing,' found me back with Mother in the little old church in the village. I was growing sleepy, so sleepy, and then Mother joined in singing with the others. When I became fully aroused she was singing, 'Streams of mercy, never ceasing,' and I reached out and took her hand. She gave mine the little squeeze that made life so real, even to my childhood days. Mother and I were in touch. When I have sorrowed, when I have hung heavy, and all through the happy hours, I have heard so often Mother singing 'Streams of mercy, never ceasing,' and I have been again in close touch with Thanksgiving."

Miss Alice Fisher, Croydon, was a holiday guest of Miss Mary Jane Clark, Jefferson avenue, and Miss Mary Quigley, Bath street.

"BEACH BEAUTY" by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

SYNOPSIS

After Earl Harrow, theatrical producer, attends a Community Players' amateur show and sees Kay Owen, the star and local beauty, he decides to prolong his visit to Daytona Beach. He offers her a job as his typist during his stay. Kay, feeling that this may give her an opportunity to get on the professional stage, is thrilled. Following a party at Ida Campbell's, socialite member of the Players, Ida and Harrow become interested in each other to Kay's disappointment. Citing the producer's reputation, Kay's mother and brother, Bud, urge her not to work for him. Then Bud is taken ill. Kay accepts Harrow's offer to help her family. Pete Ryan, young engineering student working as a life-guard, is in love with Kay. He receives an offer of an engineering job in Guatemala and asks Kay to marry him. Kay, uncertain of her love for Pete, refuses. Kay starts working for Harrow secretly aboard his luxurious yacht, "Commander III." Pete calls at her home to say "good-bye," before he leaves for Guatemala, but Kay is at work.

CHAPTER XVI

Saturday Kay received her first letter from Pete. He wrote: "Dear Kay—I'm in New Orleans waiting to go down to Puerto Barrios next week to report for duty. There's a little red-tape and preparation here in the meantime. I can't say I regret the way things have turned out. The only thing is to work hard and try to get somewhere, and to save my money so if I can go back to school it won't be the hard shelling it was last time. "The hard part was having to leave without saying goodbye to you. I guess we'll just have to consider that last night on the Kayo our goodbye date. I'll never forget that, Kay, never. "The thing to do next things work themselves out, I guess, and I'll really be glad to rush into good hard work for a while. I'll write to you whenever I get a chance to sit down with a pen and I wish you'd let me hear from you as often as you feel it's worth the trouble. "I'm hoping that you won't get yourself into anything with that Harrow lunch and that your family affairs will come out all right. Then, maybe, when things are different, you'll be able to listen to me better when I talk to you about marriage. "There's no use denying it, there isn't anything in this whole world I want more than you. In Guatemala, here in New Orleans, in Daytona, up north in New York or Chicago, or for that matter in Hong Kong, all I'll ever want will be you, and we'd be enough for each other in any of these places if you felt about me the way I do about you. My real hope is that maybe you will someday. "I'm staying in the Monteleone Hotel in the French Quarter and, when I'm not busy at the company's office, I'm wandering around seeing this old town. It's wonderful, Kay, and just the sort of thing I think you'd like. When I walk down Royal Street past the cafes, and the old homes and wander in and out of the hidden patios, I imagine you're with me and we're talking about it. It sounds daisy, but I get a great kick out of it. "I think I'm supposed to get out of here within a week, and I'll keep in touch with you as much as I can. Just remember that I'm the guy who loves you so much he can't think straight. "Yours, always, "PETE."

Sitting on the back veranda, reading the letter, Kay felt the tears coming to her eyes. When she had finished, she put the letter on the end table beside her chair and looked out over the lawn and across the shining river toward the mainland. Everything was misty and remote.

That weekend she remained away from the yacht. To occupy her mind and pass the time as smoothly as possible in her loneliness, she took her mother out in the Kayo, stopping to fish for crabs, using a net and for bait a piece of steamed meat on the end of a fishline. It was a long Sunday, nevertheless, and, somehow a blue one.

When she returned she visited the hospital and spent the afternoon with Bud, went home and ate, and again went to the hospital. Everywhere Kay went, there seemed to be trouble, perplexity and a strange emotional ache that defied definition, but managed to make her unhappy.

She was glad when it was Monday and she had an excuse to re-

turn in the morning to the Commander III. But she was disturbed by what Harrow told her.

"The time is drawing on," he announced, "and from what I hear from New York, I won't be able to spend much more time here. I had wanted to go on down the coast and maybe over to Havana, so if I'm ever going to do it I have to start soon."

"I see," Kay said. Harrow was studying her quizzically. He remarked gently, "Of course, you know, Kay, there's nothing I'd rather do than take you along on the cruise. If it just weren't for your family's objection..."

Kay smiled ruefully. "I'd love to go," she said, "but I don't know how it would ever be possible. At any rate, I've certainly enjoyed working for you and you've been awfully nice to me. Maybe I will be able to get up to New York some day and then I'll hold you to your promise to help me find my way around in show business."

Harrow nodded. "I wish you could come along," he said. "I'll need somebody more than ever to look after my correspondence and one thing and another. It would be a perfectly legitimate job, I assure you; but, of course, you know what's best at home."

That night out at the hospital she was alone with Bud for a while. He was looking a little better and seemed to be improving even more rapidly than the doctor had expected.

"I was just thinking," he said dreamily. "Of what, Bud?" "About old Pete."

"What about him?" "There was a swell old boy." "No argument there, he's as nice a boy as I ever knew."

"You know, you get funny ideas, lying around alone the way I've been doing out here," Bud continued. "You take time to think of things. Pete got to running through my mind. You know, I always sort of thought I'd marry him some day—I kind of hoped you would, in fact."

"You can't tell," Kay conceded quietly. Bud shook his head. "You're gone out that Harrow," he said. "Don't be silly!"

Kay was surprised how angry the accusation about the lunch party had made Bud. "I don't have to be told in words of one syllable," he said. "Pete knew, too. He told me."

Kay looked curiously at her brother. "Pete told you? Told you what? There wasn't anything to tell?"

"Sure there was—nothing concrete, but plenty nevertheless. And old Pete knew. How do you suppose I got all the low-down on Harrow?" So that was it? Pete! Kay's angry resentment made a hard knot in her throat.

Next morning, aboard the yacht, Kay reflected on what Bud had told her about Pete. Honest, blundering old Pete, he had poisoned her family against Earl Harrow in his boyish jealousy and it was he then who was responsible for her present odious position, for her having to sneak back and forth and make excuses to her mother in order to hold a job that would help them in their way-out-of-trouble. Kay didn't know whether she hated Pete for his interference. She didn't see how she could. But she did know that she was tremendously angry with him and she resolved not to answer his letters and to forget him if possible. If he had behaved with such foolish, blind jealousy once, what might he do the next time?

So now, she regretted all the more not being able to remain with Harrow for the cruise. Imagine it! Being made to travel on a boat like the Commander with such a man as Harrow to the east and the west of the lower Havana! And the fact that she couldn't go—hint, too, was Pete's fault. It all went back to Pete, whom a week or two ago she had considered marrying.

To make it worse, she met Ida Campbell, the yacht that afternoon and Ida said, "Earl tells me you won't be able to make the cruise with us."

"No, I'm sorry. I won't be able to go," Kay admitted.

"That's a shame, Kay. I was coming on you. We'd have had such a good time together. Personally, I wouldn't miss it for the world. I've just been stagnating lately and it'll be just what I need." That's right, Kay thought, rub it in.

Nor was that the end of Kay's trouble that day. When she got

home her mother greeted her with a look that meant a solemn discussion was coming.

"What's the matter, mother?" "I hear you're spending all your time on that yacht."

Mrs. Owen seemed sterner than she usually was when annoyed by something Kay had done. Kay drew a deep breath and decided that the time had come.

"I'm there every morning and afternoon, yes."

Her mother's expression of reproach was painful to her.

"But I told you, mother—you didn't understand—" "You told me nothing of the sort. Now, Kay, I'm not going to try to live your life for you, but I thought we went into all this once before and you said you would have no more to do with those people. It's the dejection that hurts me, Kay."

"No, no, you still don't understand. I told you it was strictly business. Mr. Harrow offered me a job and when I wanted to take it you said no, and I agreed just to make you happy."

"Then when Bud was taken to the hospital I brought it up again and you seemed set against it that I let it drop. But I had my mind pretty well made up. It was just pride on your part, mother, and you know it. There was no reason why I shouldn't have taken it. After all, it was quite temporary and paid so well that it would have been absolutely foolish to have passed it up, needing money as we do. So you're right. I did deceive you; I took the job. I've been working at it and I've two checks in the bank in your account. And you're going to take that money and use it toward Bud's expenses or I'll never, never even try to do the things you want as long as I live."

Kay took her mother by the shoulders and smiled at her reassuringly. "You know you don't have to worry about me, mother. And Mr. Harrow understands. I told him you objected and he was so nice about it and agreed and said he saw your point. You just don't know him, mother."

Mrs. Owen smiled, not too easily, Kay thought, and kissed her on the forehead. "All right, Kay," she said. "Do what you think is best. You say I don't have to worry about you. I hope not. See that I don't. Now then, let's have something to eat and get out and see Bud. Not a word about this to him, now."

"Of course not," Kay agreed. "He'll be out of the hospital in a day or two, and then he ought to go to the mountains," Mrs. Owen said.

"I'm expecting a letter any day from Gertrude Bowen, your father's cousin, you know. She lives near Hendersonville, North Carolina, and she's in the fall, and it might be that I could get her to let me take Bud up there for a while. She'll be going back to Memphis soon now and she may let me use her cottage for a while. I don't know how it can be managed, but it'll have to be."

Next morning Kay went aboard the yacht, smiling.

"You look especially cheerful this morning," was the greeting from Earl Harrow.

"I am."

"Good news?" "Absolutely. I don't have to sneak back and forth any more. Mother knows I'm doing this work for you and we've had an understanding on it."

"I'm glad to hear it," Harrow said. "Do you know, since you told me your mother's attitude toward me, I've been examining my forehead every morning in the mirror; but, if you can believe it, I haven't found the first sign of a horn yet."

"It was all silly," laughed Kay. "You know how I would be—coming here with this boat and—" "And a reputation," he finished, smiling mischievously.

"Well, yes." "Of course, now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's celebrate the rehabilitation of Earl Harrow's good name in Daytona. I've been wanting to go up to St. Augustine and see the old fort. As often as I've been in Florida I've never done it. Shall we go this afternoon? You know, you're the best Florida tourist guide I've ever seen."

"Grand!" Kay exclaimed. "I'd love it."

"We'll go right after lunch. And today you're going to have lunch with me, here on the boat."

"Spike coming?" "I'm afraid not. He's become a rooster for your Daytona baseball team and he's going to see the game across the way on the island this afternoon. He's been trying to drag

After Earl Harrow, theatrical producer, attends a Community Players' amateur show and sees Kay Owen, the star and local beauty, he decides to prolong his visit to Daytona Beach. He offers her a job as his typist during his stay. Kay, feeling that this may give her an opportunity to get on the professional stage, is thrilled. Following a party at Ida Campbell's, socialite member of the Players, Ida and Harrow become interested in each other to Kay's disappointment. Citing the producer's reputation, Kay's mother and brother, Bud, urge her not to work for him. Then Bud is taken ill. Kay accepts Harrow's offer to help her family. Pete Ryan, young engineering student working as a life-guard, is in love with Kay. He receives an offer of an engineering job in Guatemala and asks Kay to marry him. Kay, uncertain of her love for Pete, refuses. Kay starts working for Harrow secretly aboard his luxurious yacht, "Commander III." Pete calls at her home to say "good-bye," before he leaves for Guatemala, but Kay is at work.

CHAPTER XVII

So that afternoon Kay and Harrow set out by automobile to go to St. Augustine. They drove across the Halifax to the peninsula and set out northward on the ocean highway that led through Ortona, Ormond Beach and on up through the barren, but beautiful palmetto carpeted dunes, with the Atlantic always in sight by their side. Kay suggested that they turn off above Ormond and continue the trip on the mainland, thus enjoying a beautiful view of the river. It was a lovely trip, through a lonely, dreamy section of country back to the Jacksonville highway.

They entered St. Augustine from the southwest, drove east across the river, where Kay pointed out the shrimp boats, and finally came to the center of the ancient city, beneath great mossy trees. They passed fine old southern homes and the famous old Moorish hotel, and suddenly found themselves in the city square. Narrow streets, no wider than a alley, led off on either side. An atmosphere of preserved antiquity was everywhere and with it, peace.

"Look, Kay," Harrow said, "that's what we want." A line of open, horse-drawn carriages, clean and shining, stood at the curb. They parked their car and engaged one of the carriages. As the horse started jogging slowly down the main street toward the river front, Kay and Harrow settled back peacefully and grinned at each other.

"Do you know, this is the first time I ever rode in a buggy," Kay admitted. "I've ridden horseback, but never in one of these. It makes you feel so sort of—stately, I guess, and important, doesn't it?" "King George and Queen Mary," Harrow said, "on their way to lend royal glitter to the opening of a new petrol station."

They did the town, saw the ancient Spanish government buildings, the oldest house, the city gates, the outside of the fort, the narrow streets, the tropical gardens, the fountain of youth and the river front.

"Now," Harrow said, "let's take a look at that fort."

They dismissed their carriage and walked up the curving sidewalk to the entrance of Fort Marion, from the tower of which had flown, during nearly four centuries, the English and American flags. The old coquina rock wall was pitted with age and one could easily discern the scars of past assaults.

They wandered in and out of the many chambers of the fort, inspecting the relics, making little secret jokes at the expense of their fellow tourists, and in general having a very good time. Somehow, Kay felt closer to Harrow than she had since the night she met him; here in this ancient world apart they seemed to understand each other, he seemed more human than ever and she knew that she was attracted to him irresistibly. But that would not do, she kept telling herself. With her and Harrow it was business; he was her friend and that was all.

When they went down into the dungeons, Harrow held her hand tight and kept her close to him. It was an awe-inspiring, rather frightening experience, going into the depths where prisoners existed for years, far below the hot sun and sand, within the damp rock walls, down in the dark earth. The inner dungeon, especially, was terrifying to think about. They had to stoop low to enter it, through a thick wall of rock, and once inside it was as if they were sealed in a suffocating little cubicle of darkness and stone. When the electric light was off the hole was completely dark, and it had been that way for years while men

wore away their lives and their minds, Harrow held Kay closely until they were outside again.

As they left the outer dungeon, she saw Harrow's face change suddenly. A look of surprise passed over it and the mouth and eyes hardened. She never had imagined this ordinarily languid man could look so severe. She saw his eyes boring back through the crowd. The next thing she knew he was smiling and chatting with her as if nothing had happened.

Outside the dungeons of Fort Marion, in the afternoon sunlight that streamed into the old courtyard, Kay turned to Harrow. "What was the matter back there?" she asked.

He regarded her curiously. "I mean, you seemed to give a start," she explained. "I thought

"Very well. I've still a couple of things to do. You meet me at the station in twenty minutes. Take a cab. I'll be there waiting for you."

"All right," she said. She could show him that she was neither curious nor incompetent. After all, wasn't she his secretary pro tem, and wasn't he Earl Harrow, a man known for quick, shrewd decisions?

"Right!" he exclaimed. He leaned down and pinched her arm lightly. "You're a good girl, Kay."

She watched him as he went outside and got into their car. He started down the street slowly. Within a few minutes she went out the side door to look for a taxi. Finding one, she directed: "Florida East Coast Station," and got in. Now, maybe she'd see what all this mystery was about.

As they left the outer dungeon, Harrow's face changed suddenly. A look of surprise passed over it.

Something had happened—that maybe you'd seen somebody."

"I'll tell you about it later," he said, smiling.

For all his smile, she knew he had been moved.

They had dinner at a Spanish restaurant. Even during the meal, Harrow seemed ill at ease. He was particular which table they took and insisted on facing the window. He seemed to be watching for someone, she thought. After dinner he asked, "Do you mind going back by train?"

Kay looked at him with frank surprise. "Why—no; but—there's nothing wrong with the car, is there?"

"There might be," Harrow said. "Well, of course, I'll go by train."

He grinned at her disarmingly. "I hate to seem erratic," he said. "They tell me I am bad enough in that respect, but I hate to give any false impressions. I'm going to ask you merely to humor me in this little idiosyncrasy. We'll take the train back to Daytona and I'll have the car brought down later."

Kay smiled at the tall, suave man. She seemed to understand now his reputation for strategy and far-sightedness. He sat here before her, pleasant, smiling, well groomed, a bit tired, yet—who could tell how rapidly that shrewd brain was moving, what plans it was hatching? It was thrilling to consider. And yet there was something disturbing about his conduct; there had been something very sinister about his sudden action in the dungeon. She would not soon forget the narrowed, thin-lipped look of black rage that had crossed his face.

"I'll ask you to excuse me for a few minutes," he said. "I'll see about the car and the train."

In a few minutes he was back. "We're lucky," he remarked. "There's a train soon."

"Not that it matters," Kay smiled. "I've been feeling so peaceful I hate to move. It's been a lot of fun today."

"Yes it has." He said it lightly, his eyes distant. Then he added: "Kay, I'm going to ask you to do another thing that may seem a bit silly."

"Anything you say."

Nothing happened, though, on the ride and, when she arrived at the station, Harrow was there to greet her and pay the driver. He did not have his car.

The train came and they got aboard quickly. Inside, Harrow watched the other passengers until he seemed satisfied, and took a last look down at the platform. Then he turned to her.

"Seems a silly business, I suppose?" "I don't know a thing about it. After all, it's your business."

He leaned over and squeezed her hand. "You are a grand girl," he observed, and that was all. He made no further reference to anything that might be remotely connected with the St. Augustine episode.

Instead, he talked of the stage. "Have you thought any more about going to New York sometime and making a try?" he asked.

"I've thought of it... yes," she said, looking out the window of the train.

"I've thought of it, too," he added.

The pause that followed was embarrassing for her.

Then he said: "You'd really fit awfully well into my organization, whether you went on the stage or not."

"I'd love to work for you, too," she agreed. "And I'm just crazy to go to New York... but," and she sighed.

"I knew," Earl Harrow said. "Things in life don't work out as well as in story books. In a novel, now—well, I'd be 'living happily ever after'... several times... and you'd be jumping to fame overnight on Broadway and marrying a handsome young clubman of the type drawn by James Montgomery Flagg. But it isn't like that. It's a real world and it takes a realist to buck it. Now, I try to be a practical man. As such, I can see your position all too clearly. People have to take their own decisions. Happiness can't be prescribed. Some of us never find more than it's shadow."

Then even Earl Harrow was not satisfied, not happy.

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In a Personal Way

INTERESTING bits of news mainly about people you know. A chronicle of the activities of the people of Bristol; their goings and comings. : : :

SEEK HOSPITALITY OF OTHERS

Mr. and Mrs. J. Glenn West and daughter Jane, and Miss Helma Stout, Wood street, were guests Thanksgiving Day of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Koelle, Cheltenham.

Mrs. Marion Daniel and son Bobby, 925 Garden street, and the Misses Esther Keyes and Frances Eastlack, 902 Garden street, spent Thanksgiving in Philadelphia visiting Mrs. Mary Dokes.

The Misses Bertha and Anna Hetherington, Radcliffe street, spent Thanksgiving Day and the week-end in Philadelphia, with the Rev. and Mrs. Robert Hetherington.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Fabian, Radcliffe street, were entertained Thanksgiving Day at the home of relatives in Trenton, N. J.

Pasquale and Daniel Di Lorenzo, Cedar street, were attendants Thanksgiving Day at the Temple-Bucknell game, Philadelphia.

The Misses Alice and Mary Lippincott, 411 Radcliffe street, spent several days last week in West Collingswood, N. J., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Ransom.

Mrs. Ruth Ahlee and Miss Margaret Ahlee, Mulberry street; Mr. and Mrs. George Ahlee, Hulmeville, spent the past few days in Quincy, Mass., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ahlee.

The holidays were spent by Miss Rose Stephenson, Jefferson avenue, in Germantown, as guest of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Rodbard. While away, Miss Stephenson was an attendant at the Temple-Bucknell game, Philadelphia.

Several days with relatives in Mauch Chunk were passed by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenner, Mrs. Hannah Peoples and Mrs. William Velthe, Corson street, and Mrs. Francis Kirk, New Buckley street. While there they were attendants at the funeral of Mrs. People's late brother, John McCauley, of Mauch Chunk.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicolas Sabatino, Wilson avenue, with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Russo, Dorrance street, last week were attendants at a birthday party tendered Mrs. William Bell, Chester, at the Palumbo Hotel, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith and daughter Elizabeth, 158 Otter street, spent Thanksgiving Day in Marshall's Corner, N. J., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Thornton. Miss Elizabeth Smith remained at the Thornton home over the week-end.

LOCALITIES DISPENSE HOSPITALITY

William Blackburn, Royersford, is

paying a lengthy visit to Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Gratz, Taft street.

Edward Lynn, Jr., New York City, passed the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lynn, Otter street.

Mrs. Jerry O'Neill, Jefferson avenue, will be hostess Wednesday. Her guests will be: Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Mrs. Alexander Dixon, Jr., Mrs. Edward Riley, Mrs. Harvey Phillips, Mrs. Walter Woolman, Mrs. William Murphy, Bristol; Mrs. Lester Johnson, Tullytown; and Mrs. Paul Cranmer, Trenton, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Spangler, Pond street, had as a Thanksgiving holiday guest, Mrs. Margaret Richardson, Langhorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Praul, 233 Wood street, spent a day last week in Morrisville, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barber.

The Rev. and Mrs. Paul R. Ronge, Mill street, were holiday guests of Miss Blankney, Andalusia.

Thanksgiving Day guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Warner, 320 Lafayette street, were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dougherty and children, Elsie, Helen and Ruth, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowers Baldwin and son Arthur, Tacony; and Mr. and Mrs. La Mont Marsh and daughter Anita, Bristol.

Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Esposito and son, Carmen, Philadelphia, passed the holidays with Mrs. Josephine Di Lorenzo, 229 Cedar street.

James Hill, Roselle Park, N. J., passed the holidays with his daughter, Miss Mildred Hill, 318 Lafayette street.

Miss Mary Heger, Hulmeville, was a Thanksgiving Day and week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dugan, 910 Jefferson avenue.

Mrs. Rosina Rubertone, Lincoln avenue, was hostess Thanksgiving Day at a family reunion. Her guests: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Scandore and son Joseph, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Emil Scandore, daughters Rose, Rita and Evelyn, and son, Joseph, Millburne, N. J.; and Mr. and Mrs. Locino Bergamo and son Nino, New York City.

Austin and Fred Chamberlain, Philadelphia, were guests for several days last week of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Singley, 413 Jefferson avenue.

Joseph Rodgers, C. C. C., North Bend, Pa., has been spending ten days with his mother, Mrs. J. Rodgers, 632 Spruce street.

Guests over Thanksgiving and the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Zell-

nor, East Circle, were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackson, Philadelphia.

Miss Alice Dodson, Philadelphia, was a guest over the holiday week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Mitchener, Swain street.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicola Pico, Jefferson avenue, entertained over the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Daniel and son, Alfred, Jr., Baltimore, Md.

SCOTT-12-1—FOUR—Mr. and Mrs. Markley Streeter, 261 Roosevelt street, were hosts at a dinner party Thanksgiving Day. Guests were: Mrs. Frank Rousseau, Mrs. Earl Rousseau, the Misses Gladys and Etta Rousseau, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Streeter, Henry Streeter, Mrs. Susan Vandegrift and Miss Edith Allen.

Thanksgiving holiday guests of William Updyke and Miss Bertha Updyke, Washington street, were: Mr. and Mrs. Brandt Earhardt and children, Eloise and Brandt, Jr., Chestnut Hill; Linnias Earhardt and son Billy, Drexel Hill; and Miss Helen B. Knowles, Doylestown.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wichser, Dor-

rance street, were hosts at a Thanksgiving dinner. Guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Rue, Edgely; Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morgan and Miss Dorothy Morgan, Hightstown, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, Jr., and daughter Gertrude, Croydon; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ott and Thomas Giron, Bristol.

Thanksgiving Day guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hendricks, 611 Cedar street, were Mr. and Mrs. William Feaster and children, Jean and Billy, and Mr. and Mrs. John Dougherty and children, Jay and Joan, Bordentown, N. J. Jean and Billy Feaster remained at the Hendricks home over the week-end. James Martin, Roebing, N. J., was a guest over the holidays of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John McHugh, 708 Corson street.

IN HOSPITAL—Mrs. William Barr, Monroe street, is a patient in the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE—Mr. and Mrs. John H. Myers moved Friday from Wilson avenue to Radcliffe street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Harry H. Kipperman, 31, of 152 Mercer street, Trenton, and Kathryn Isabella Weber, 24, of 52 Fairview avenue, Morrisville.

John Tyrell, 21, of 1327 North Olden street, Trenton, and Alberta E. Tucker, 21, of 1065 Clay avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Alward C. Erickson, 60, of 1437 South Broad street, Trenton, and Nellie M. Bowers, 55, of 1757 South Broad street, Trenton.

William B. Leitch, Jr., 27, of 1634 North Redfield street, Phila., and Doris Dieterich, 24, Doylestown.

Horace W. Cressman, 25, Quaker-

town, and Helen H. Kline, 22, Sellers-

ville. Frederick Williams, 21, of 243 Kossuth street, Trenton, and Sophia Mickowski, 18, of 20 Klagg avenue, Trenton.

Albert K. Sylvia, 36, of Glenwood Landing, Long Island, N. Y., and Delphine Weiss, 31, of New York City. Eugene Doherty, 35, of 307 West Seventy-ninth street, New York City, and Dolores del Castillo, 39, of 336 West Seventy-ninth street, New York City.

Arthur Liebacher, 24, of 129 East Washington Lane, Philadelphia, and Martha Schissler, 21, of 4114 North Sixth street, Phila.

Classified Advertising Department

Announcements

Deaths

WHITE—At Bristol, Pa., December 2, 1934, Anna Eliza, wife of the late Jacob H. White. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday, December 5, 1934, at 2 p. m., from the residence of her brother, Robert Patterson, 634 Bath street, Bristol. Interment in Bristol Cemetery. Friends may call Tuesday evening.

Funeral Directors

UNDERTAKER—William I. Murphy, Est., 316 Jefferson avenue, Bristol, Pa. Phone 2417.

Strayed, Lost, Found

FOUND—On street in Burlington, N. J., pointer dog, male; white with liver colored spots. Wm. L. Gault, Telephone Burlington 489.

Financial

Investments—Stocks, Bonds 39

BRISTOL BUILDING ASSOCIATION—New Series opening Monday, December 3, 1934. Number of shares to be subscribed for limited. Applicants for new shares must apply on or before the December meeting. Horace N. Davis, Secretary, 205 Radcliffe street, Bristol, Pa.

Live Stock

Poultry and Supplies 49

PULLETS—And cockerels; English & Irish setters, cocker spaniels, Kerry blue terriers, \$5 up. One nannygoat. Airline Kennels, Bath Rd., Bristol.

Merchandise

Articles for Sale 51

NEUWEILER'S BEER—Wholesale; kegs as low as \$2.35. Coils for rent. Valentine, West Bristol, phone 9827.

Building Materials

25,000 SQUARE FEET—Lumber and building material. Apply at 8 Beaver Dam Road.

HOT-WATER BOILERS (3)—A-1 condition. Heat 6 or 7 room house, steam, hot-water radiators. Mrs. John Keeley, Cedar Ave. and Main St., Croydon.

Wanted—To Buy

WILL BUY—Rags, paper, iron and metal. Will call. R. Adams, 578 Clymer street, Bristol.

Rooms and Board

Rooms without Board 68

TWO—Well located rooms, with or without board, for rent. Hot-water heat, elec. lights and other modern conveniences. Inquire at Courier Off.

Real Estate for Rent

Apartments and Flats 74

APARTMENT—6 rooms and bath, heat furnished. All modern conveniences, newly remodeled Garage, \$39 month. Also other houses for rent. Charles LaPolla, 1118 Farragut Ave., Bristol, phone 652.

Houses for Rent

DWELLING—6 rooms and bath, hot-water heat, \$20.00. Apply Eastburn & Blanche, 118 Mill Street.

—THE—SHOPPER'S GUIDE

—AND—

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

The Advertisers Listed in This Section Are Just As Far Away From You As Your Telephone! When In Need of Anything, Look This List Over—No Doubt You Can Get Just What You Want At the Right Price!

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Don't let them get a strangle hold. Fight them quickly. Creomulsion combines 7 helps in one. Powerful but harmless. Pleasant to take. No narcotics. Your own druggist is authorized to refund your money on the spot if your cough or cold is not relieved by Creomulsion.—(Advertisement)

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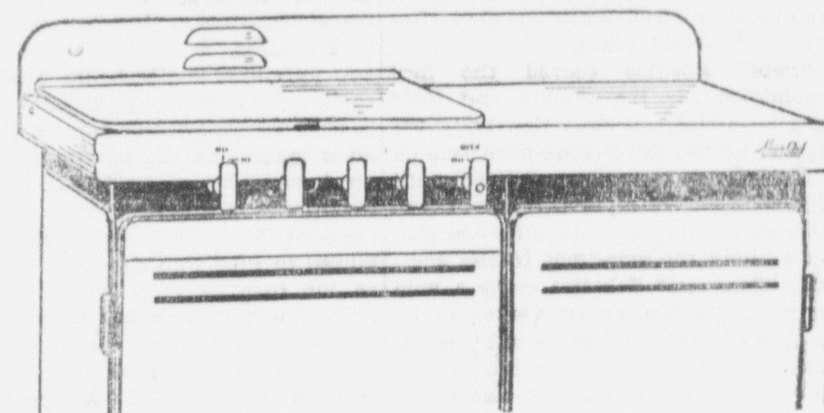
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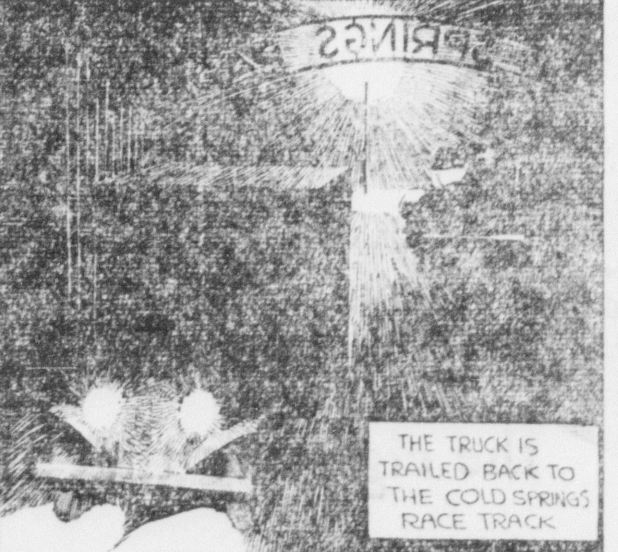
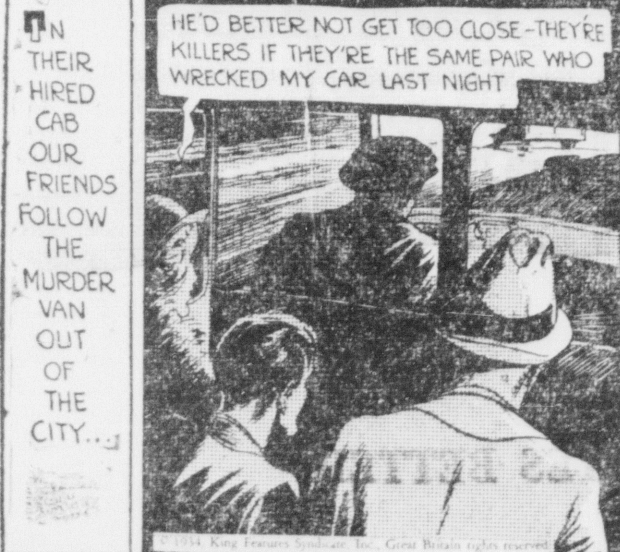
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...SPORTS...

TACONY ACES POUND OUT SENSATIONAL WIN

Joe Meiman's Tacony Aces pounded out a sensational win over the Frankford Legion team by the score of 6-0 and thereby securing first hold on the claim for the Independent Championship of Philadelphia.

Frankford Legion	Tacony Aces
Kramer	Whitelock
Hutton	left end
Curklinski	left tackle
Dodds	left guard
Miller	center
Parr	right guard
Johnson	right tackle
Hobson	right end
Wickelmau	quarterback
Becker	left halfback
Franz	right halfback
	fullback

Subs.: Tacony — Cahill, Riddle, Fromm, P. Ferret, Rhodes, Clauson; Frankford — Google, Carson, Wexler, Chase.

Referee, Ray Hill; umpire, Sheridan; head linesman, Hutton.

Touchdown: Bandy.

Tacony Aces 6 0 0 0-6

Frankford Legion 0 0 0 0-0

Time of Periods: 15 minutes.

Bucks Quarterly Meeting Of Friends Is Conducted

Bucks Quarterly Meeting of the Society of Friends was held at Middletown Meeting House on Thanksgiving Day. The meeting was well attended and several Friends were present from other Meetings.

The messages given and the silence gave renewed spiritual strength and courage to go forward and follow the Light.

The business session brought forth some interesting reports. The camp for Bucks Quarterly Friends (Camp Onas) and other children, continues to grow in number of campers, and in localities interested. The camp committee consists of two members from each Monthly Meeting. The staff consisted of Mabel R. Briggs, camp director; Marion and A. Russell Burton leaders.

The Old-Age Pension Bill and Penal Affairs were referred to and discussed in the meeting. The Costigan-Wagner Bill was spoken of and the recent lynching in Florida greatly condemned and the importance of supporting this bill was emphasized.

The clerk, J. Augustus Cadwallader, of Yardley, who prepared the concluding minute which embodied the theme and thoughts of the meeting, follows:

"Meeting as is our annual custom on this day of National Thanksgiving, we have turned our minds toward the blessings of which we have been recipients, even in these days of distress."

"Particularly we are grateful for the spirit of unity, which pervades our land and for the confidence which has been reposed in our President."

"The challenge of today is for leaders who will blaze the trail and inspire our children to noble and less selfish lives."

"We cannot hope to have the confidence of others if we have not confidence in ourselves. We must put our house in order through an individual willingness to obey the laws which rest upon us as men, our principles. We are believers in the warp and woof of life, and in our pattern as weavers. We are in no difference to the material of our process, God demand, in our conduct, the loyalty."

"We must maintain the integrity of our inner life and rising above petty annoyances, achieve the more abundant life which is our reward."

At the conclusion of the meeting, luncheon was served to those present.

FIREMEN CONDUCT PARTY

A successful card party was held at No. 2 Fire Company house, Friday evening. There were 14 tables of dominoes. Those attending high scores were: Peggy Kahn, 82; Dorothy, 80; 787; Ernest Heggings, 785; Anna W. R. line, 742; Mrs. Doan, 734. The next card party will be held in the fire house December 28th.

WEST BRISTOL

John Watts injured his right arm when it turned as he was about to step onto the curb on Sunday. A treatment at Harriman Hospital, he returned to his residence.

Croydonite Arrested As Automobiles Side-Swipe

A Philadelphia miss, Pauline K. Lin, 2617 Venango street, suffered head injury when her automobile was said to be side-swiped by another machine last evening, and the young woman was thrown against the top of the car.

The driver of the second machine, William Newton, Excelsior avenue, Croydon, was released under bail, failing to have a driver's license.

Miss Koslin was taken to Harriman Hospital for treatment.

Courier Classified Ads cost little but produce much. Turn that unwanted article into quick cash with a Courier Classified Ad tomorrow.

Castoffs Prove They Can Still Play Ball

Continued from Page 1

ing done by Coach Dom Dougherty but the Cast-offs was a different eleven in the second half and when the final quarter opened the St. Ann's team was swept off its feet and actually outplayed by the "Alumni" team.

It was in the final play of the game that the Cast-offs scored and was the climax of a brilliant rally put up by the gathered band of players. After continually driving and being quite successful at the St. Ann's line, time was growing short and so the Cast-offs took to the air. Two completed forwards, both thrown by that former high school star, "Spade" Spadaccino, one to "Shine" Gilardi and the other to "Eddie" Roe scored the six-pointer.

The St. Ann's team outnumbered the Cast-offs in the department of first downs, making eleven while the losers made six. However, in the second half the Cast-offs made six to the winners' four, showing that the losing club was a strengthened club coming from behind after failing to register even one first down in the first half.

The Cast-offs presented a good-sized line with several dangerous players who spoiled the afternoon for several St. Ann's backs. "Shine" Gilardi and "Eddie" Roe, still the favorites with the fans, were continually knocking down the interference set up by the offense of the proteges of "Socks" Seneca. It was Gilardi and Roe who caught several passes which led to the scoring. The backfield man who was a threat to the St. Ann's team throughout was "Spade" Spadaccino. The St. Ann's team made sure that Spade did not break loose at any time because once he was off he would be hard to stop. Spadaccino hurled both passes which led to the scoring of the Cast-offs' six-pointer.

"Pete" Bornice, "Eddie" Tosti, and "Socks" Seneca presented the offensive power of the St. Ann's squad, although Pico did a fine job of running back the punts. On the defense, it was the power of "Henny" Kornstedt who stood out and broke up play after play of the "old grads."

"Pete" Bornice scored the first touchdown for the Purple and Gold on a beautiful end run. Receiving the pigskin on the thirty-nine yard line on a reverse play, Bornice waited until his interference spilled the end and fullback of the Cast-offs and then galloped along the side-lines to the goal line. "Sparrow" Sabatini made a wild lunge at the fleeing runner when he reached the ten yard strip but missed. Later it was discovered that Bornice's heel had hit Sabatini's chin and cut it

with the result that five stitches were necessary to close the wound. Nicolls' try for the extra point, a placement kick, went wide of its mark.

It was not long after this that "Socks" Seneca put up a one-man show to score the second touchdown. Starting on his own forty-five yard line, the St. Ann's mentor carried the ball five times and ended up by crossing the final white chalk line standing up for the victory touchdown. Nicolls again tried for the extra point and again met with failure when the ball failed to rise after the kick.

Early in the fourth quarter, Bornice broke loose on another end run and raced eighty-five yards to score but the play was recalled when a Purple and Gold player was detected clipping Roe from the rear and a fifteen yard penalty imposed.

Penalties were plentiful during the game and most of them were inflicted on the winning team. Most of the penalties were for fifteen yards and came at inopportune moments of the game.

The first period of the game ended scorelessly, neither team showing much offensive playing. The Cast-offs kicked off with DeRisi doing the booting. The ball sailed to the nineteen yard line where it was caught by Bornice. Bornice zig-zagged his way to the thirty-one yard strip before he was downed by DeRisi. Tosti, on the first play, heaved a long pass to Bornice which was incomplete. Quici ripped off four yards at right tackle.

Tosti booted to Sabatini on the fifteen yard line. Before the Cast-offs quarterback could get away he was hit by Kornstedt and brought down. On the very first play, the Cast-offs fumbled and Tosti recovered on the fifteen yard strip. Bornice took a crack at center and failed. Tosti on a double-reverse was stopped by Gregor after making two yards. A lateral pass was bad for St. Ann's with the result that eight yards were lost. A short pass, Tosti to Pico was completed but failed to make a first down, the Cast-offs taking possession of the ball on the seventeen yard line.

Moffo knifed his way through center of the St. Ann's team for a four yard gain. A fumble lost two yards for the Cast-offs. Moffo kicked to Pico on the thirty yard line. The diminutive Saints' quarterback made a quick-rinck but was pushed out of bounds by Roe at mid-field. Tosti carried the oval on an end run and made six yards. Bornice, on an off-tackle slice, broke loose and eluded two tacklers, finally being brought to earth on the twenty-yard mark. A bad pass was recovered by Roe, of the ultimate losers, on the twenty yard line. Spadaccino hit center for three yards. Moffo also took a bang at the line but bounced back without a gain. Moffo kicked to Pico who was hit by Tershon on his own 30 yard line. Pico tried tackle on a reverse but Bills and DeRisi formed a stone wall. St. Ann's drew a penalty for off-sides. A long heel had hit Sabatini's chin and cut it

Tosti to Pico was successful for a six-yard gain. Tosti toed the ball to Paletta who was downed on his twenty-yard line. Kornstedt stopped Spadaccino on a line thrust and also called Paletta on a line play as the first quarter came to a close.

The Saints unleashed a solid offensive attack in the second session. To begin it, Moffo kicked out of bounds on his own thirty-nine yard line. Bornice took the ball on a reverse and set sail for the goal-line. He did not stop until he was over and the first six-pointer of the game was made. Nicolls failed to make the extra point. Nicolls kicked off for St. Ann's, his boot going over the goal-line. The ball was put in play on the twenty. Kornstedt broke through and got Moffo for a yard loss. DeRisi kicked to Pico on the 38 yard line where it returned to his forty-five. Seneca steamrolled the Cast-offs line for a first down. Tosti on a reverse failed to gain. Seneca went through the center of the line of the tiring Cast-offs team for another first down the ball being on the 39 yard strip.

Roe stopped Seneca after an eight yard gain. Bornice slipped on an attempted end run and lost a yard. Seneca hit center for a trifling short of a first down. Expecting another line play, the Cast-offs backed up the line close but Seneca crossed them and skipped around end for twenty-one yards and another touchdown. Nicolls' try for the extra point was low. DeRisi kicked off for the Cast-offs, the ball going to goal-line where Seneca picked it up and was downed on his nineteen yard line. Tosti made two yards at tackle. Seneca eased his way through tackle and was finally pinned to the ground by Greco on the twenty-nine yard mark. A pass failed. Ann's reverse, Tosti to Bornice, was good for nine yards. Seneca cracked center for a first down as the signal for the first half was blown.

The Cast-offs showed some life in the third quarter. Neindorff kicked to Gilardi on the 25. He was downed on the 30 yard line. Spadaccino carried the pigskin on an end run and made nine yards. Spadaccino hit the line for a first down. A pass was blocked by Kornstedt. Greco was stopped by Tosti at center. Another pass, intended for Roe, thrown by Spadaccino, was blocked. Moffo kicked to Pico who returned the ball to the thirty yard line. The St. Ann's team had a fifteen yard penalty inflicted on them. Paletta stopped Bono after a short gain. Cast-offs were penalized five yards. Gallone ripped off three yards at center. Another plunge over the line by Gallone netted a first down. Tosti on an end run gained five yards. Bono then was nailed by "Bull" Gregor for a yard loss. Tosti wig-wagged his way to the Cast-offs' forty-five yard line for a first down.

Missera on a spinner made three yards. Roe broke through and got Gallone for a four yard loss. Tosti, on an end run, jumped, dodged and

hipped his way to the nineteen yard line and another first down. Bono took a yard at guard. Tosti failed to gain on a reverse. A pass, Tosti to Missera, was completed but without a gain. Another long pass failed. The Cast-offs received the ball on the nineteen yard line. Greco failed to gain through the line. Spadaccino lost five yards on an end run. DeRisi kicked out of bounds on his forty-four yard line. Tosti tried two passes and failed. Tershon squeezed his way through tackle for seven yards as the quarter ended.

Tershon failed to make a first down on the fourth try as the last canto began. Spadaccino on an end run raced twenty-yards for a first down. Paletta slipped on another flank play and lost two yards. St. Ann's drew a fifteen yard penalty, giving the Cast-offs a first down on the Purple and Gold forty-one yard strip. Greco hit the line hard for a gain of eight yards. Spadaccino added a yard at center. On the next play, a fumble took place and was recovered by Spadaccino for a four yard loss. Spadaccino whirled a pass to Roe who was downed on the nineteen yard line. Moffo hit tackle for two yards. Spadaccino hit tackle for two more. A long pass to Gilardi missed its mark and was knocked down by Pico. On the fourth down, Bornice knocked down another aerial. Bornice raced eighty-five yards to score but a player was detected clipping from the rear and the Saints penalized fifteen yards, putting the ball on the one yard line. Tosti then booted out of bounds on his own twenty-yard line.

A lateral pass was missed and lost ten yards for the Cast-offs. Spadaccino tried a pass to Roe without success. Another pass was blocked. Spadaccino tried an end run and gained a yard. Tosti tried a spinner but Bills spoiled the play. Greco spilled Bornice after an eight yard gain. Pico on a short thrust gained a yard. Seneca took a hard crack at the line and barely made it a first down. St. Ann's drew a fifteen yard penalty. Bornice was stopped without a gain. A pass, Tosti to Conti was successful for a fifteen yard gain.

Another pass, intended for Conti, was too long of its mark. The old "fuzzy" formation was tried by the "old grads," but did not fool the present day players with the result that it lost 20 yards. DeRisi kicked to Tosti who returned the ball to the Cast-offs' forty-three yard line. Tosti tried a pass to Seneca and failed. A fake pass by Tosti netted five yards. Two aerials were grounded and the Cast-offs received the ball on their 38 yard line. A long pass, Spadaccino to Gilardi, was downed but the officials ruled that Tosti interfered with the receiver, giving the Cast-offs the ball on their own ten yard line. As the umpire's horn had sounded most of the fans thought the game was over and left but the officials also ruled that another play was necessary and

on this the Cast-offs scored when Spadaccino shot a bullet-like pass to Roe who leaped up and speared the ball out of the air and then dropped over the goal-line. DeRisi slipped in trying for the extra point and did not kick, making the final score 12-6.

Line-up:	St. Ann's	Cast-offs
Tullio	left end	Gilardi
Blanche	left tackle	De Risi
Nicolls	left guard	Bills
Oriola	center	Tershon
M. Seneca	right guard	B. Gregor
Kornstedt	right tackle	D. Gregor
Conti	right end	Roe
Pico	quarterback	Sabatini
Quici	left halfback	Spadaccino
Tosti	right halfback	Paletta
Bornice	fullback	Moffo

Periods: St. Ann's 6 12 0 0-12

Cast-offs 0 0 0 0-0

Touchdowns: Bornice, S. Seneca, Roe.

Substitutions: St. Ann's—S. Seneca, Tunis, Gallone, Bono, Neindorff, Missera, J. Tershon, Barrett. Cast-offs—Morino, DiTanna, Straffe, Mazzella, Billie, C. Greco.

Referee: Aita.

Umpire: J. Spadaccino.

Head linesman: E. Spadaccino.

Time of periods: 15 minutes.

Britain Shocked Into Air Preparedness

Continued from Page One

Two or three fighter squadrons and probably a bomber squadron are scheduled to be stationed there.

A new airdrome is being planned just outside the Home Counties in a westerly direction, while plans are well advanced for yet another in the Western Midlands.

The West of England is also to have a new airdrome and Scotland will be allocated one or more.

Reports of similar suddenly increased activity in aviation preparedness are reading London from attaches at foreign embassies.

The Rickenbacker transcontinental speed performances with stock planes carrying passengers have been followed here with deepest interest. Special note is being taken of sales of these American-made ships abroad. For it is obvious that other governments will seek to take advantage of improvements they embody in future building.

HULMEVILLE

A visit was paid on Friday by Mrs. Edward Campbell and Mrs. Walter

Hanns to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sigafos, Norristown. Yesterday Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Hanns and son Donald were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Antony High, Cheltenham.

Guests on the holiday of Mr. and Mrs. John Egly, Jr., were: Mr. and Mrs. John Buckley and daughter Jane, Mayfair; Mrs. John Egly, Sr., and Miss May Egly, Bensalem Township.

A visit was paid on Friday by Miss Katherine Haefner and Wilhelm Stumm, Camden, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haefner.

From Friday until Sunday Mrs. William Campbell and son "Billy" were entertained at the home of Mrs. Campbell's sister, Mrs. Clyde Cornish, Morrisville.

Tomorrow evening Mrs. C. Wesley Haefner will be hostess to members of her sewing class.

YARDLEY

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Leedom entertained on Thanksgiving, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Scott, Sewell, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Stacy B. Brown, Miss Muriel K. Buckman, Newtown.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Engleke entertained at a family dinner on Thanksgiving. Covers were laid for: Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bond, Arbor-Lea; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Anderson, and daughters, Marjorie and Doris, Princeton, N. J.

Raymond J. Wilson has returned home after visiting his aunt, Mrs. J. T. Pursell.

Fisk Whitehead, a student at Princeton University, has resumed his studies after spending the holiday season with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey P. Whitehead.

Miss Helen Doyle, Miss Margaret Doyle and Miss Rose O'Connor, accompanied by Mrs. Kathryn Sullivan, spent the holiday season in Washington, D. C., and Norfolk, Va.

John Hershey, a student at Pennington Preparatory School, has returned to his studies after spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hershey.

Carlton R. Leedom attended the Army-Navy football game, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Alley and daughter Grace were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Cawley, High Bridge, N. J. The Alleys have had as their house guest, Mrs. Fred Mack, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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